The 2025 American Revolution

By Thaddeus J. Wortham

We the People
have been fractured by design,
poisoned by division,
and sold a lie that our rage ought to be aimed
at one another, rather than at the shadows
who profit from our chaos.

They call themselves 'leaders,'
but a leader does not dine on the suffering of the led.
A nation cannot survive
when its masters see citizens as subjects,
and subjects as cattle.

The Second American Revolution begins here—
not with muskets, but with truth;
not with blood, but with clarity;
not as subjects, but as sovereigns.

—Thaddeus J. Wortham

If you're reading this, you've been chosen. Not by me, but by your rage. Your despair. Your refusal to kneel. Photocopy these words. Leave them in the break room, the church pew, the porta-potty at the job site. The revolution will not be tweeted—it will be Xeroxed.

For too long, wedges have been driven between us—not by accident, but by design.

The faces on our screens, the voices in our ears, the circus barkers of this digital age: they tell us who to blame, who to fear, how to hate. They preach contempt as patriotism, division as destiny. They turn neighbor against neighbor, worker against worker, until we forget that the true enemy sits not in a trailer park or a tenement, but in a penthouse or a Capitol cloakroom.

These merchants of rage do not care if you are red or blue, black or white, devout or doubting—so long as you are distracted. So long as you mistake their puppets for kings, their theater for war. They laugh as we tear ourselves apart, because every shattered bond is another brick in their fortress. Every ounce of anger you waste on your fellow Americans is a drop of oil in their machine.

But today, we choose clarity over chaos. We reclaim the most dangerous word in the English language: **we**.

Ask yourself:
When has a billionaire ever lost sleep over your rage?
When has a politician missed a meal because you did?
Does your congressman know the weight of boots caked in mud, sweat, and diesel after a 14-hour shift?
Can your senator name the price of a gallon of milk, a vial of insulin, or a month of daycare?
Have they ever rationed a paycheck between groceries and grief?
Have they ever sold plasma to fix a broken furnace or begged a landlord for one more week?
Do they know the acid taste of choosing between pride and survival?

The men and women who rule us live in a different America.
They dine on caviar in Capitol dining rooms while lecturing us about “fiscal responsibility.”
They fly private jets to climate summits where they scold us for using plastic straws.
They inherit fortunes, then call us “lazy.”
They insider-trade, then call us “takers.”
They are modern-day Pharaohs—and we are the Israelites, told to make bricks without straw.

But our Exodus begins not with a plague, but with a revelation:
They need us. We do not need them.

These questions are not meant to stoke hatred, but to ignite recognition: the worker in Ohio and the teacher in Texas share more with each other than they will ever share with the oligarchs who mock them.

These men—these **cravat-wearing carrion**—who broker lives over cigars and golf carts, who trade human dignity like stock options in wood-paneled rooms, who measure their worth in yachts and PAC donations… they believe themselves kings.

Kings of what?
A kingdom of rotting hospitals?
An empire of food banks and tent cities?
A throne built on student debt and dialysis bills?

They call this “freedom”—a freedom to let us starve. A freedom to profit from our funerals. A freedom to turn democracy into a spice they sprinkle on their foie gras.

But hear this, brothers and sisters:
Their power is borrowed.
Their authority is a theft—stolen from assembly lines and classrooms and ambulances.
Their castles are built on quicksand.

Why else would they spend billions on surveillance, propaganda, and private armies?
Why else would they outlaw protest and jail whistleblowers?
Why else would they tremble at a single candle lit in solidarity?

They fear us because they need us.
They fear us because a people who remember their power cannot be ruled.
They fear us because they know—deep in their hollow hearts—
The Second American Revolution has already begun.
And its flag flies in every breakroom, every union hall, every unpaid electric bill.

They’ve fed us fairy tales of “class” since birth—lower, middle, upper—as if we’re characters in some Dickensian roleplay. But these labels are cages, designed to make us fight over crumbs while the true kings feast in the shadows.

Think: The single mother scrubbing coffee stains from her apron at 3 a.m. shares more with the dentist drowning in yacht payments than that dentist will ever share with Elon Musk. Both sweat over bills. Both fear the IRS. Both lie awake wondering if their bodies will outlast their debts.

But Musk? Bezos? Zuckerberg?
They don’t fear—they feed.
They don’t budget—they buy nations.
Their “hardships” are boardroom tantrums over stock dips. Their “poverty” is a 500 million net worth instead of 600 million. Their idea of “sleeping rough” is a 5-star resort without helicopter parking.

The millionaire is three missed paychecks from ruin. The billionaire is three missed paychecks from owning the bank that forecloses on your home.

This is the great lie of “class”:
It convinces the nurse to resent the teacher instead of the hospital CEO.
It tricks the plumber to blame immigrants instead of the landlords.

It pits tenant against tenant while the real enemy hoards 30 million empty homes.

There are no classes—only collateral and conquerors.
No middle or lower—only hostages and hostage-takers.
The sooner we see this, the sooner we realize:
Our chains are the same. Our jailers are few.

When was the last time Jeff Bezos apologized to you for crashing the economy? When did Mark Zuckerberg ever beg you for forgiveness after selling your child's data?

These dragons—these gilded wyverns of Wall Street and Silicon Valley—roar not with flame, but with foreclosure notices and algorithmic lies. They gorge on pensions, spit out layoffs, and hoard their gold in offshore vaults while cities drown in debt. They are not titans of industry—they are arsonists, torching futures to warm their own hands.

How many times must we kneel at their altar?
In 2008, we sold our homes to refill their champagne fountains.
In 2020, we coughed into masks while they minted billions from plague.
In 2023, we buried children killed by guns they lobbied to sell.
Each crisis they engineer, we bleed—and they breed new monstrosities: AI serfdom, climate apartheid, death-by-GoFundMe.

They've devoured everything.
Our farms? Repackaged as NFTs.
Our homes? Bundled into speculative casino chips.
Our courts? Auctioned to the highest bidder.
Our democracy? A looted corpse, stripped of dignity, left to rot on C-SPAN.

But dragons have a fatal flaw, brothers and sisters:
They need us to believe they're immortal.
They need us to forget that every Wall Street was once a slave market.
That every Zuckerberg was once a Rothschild.
That every "too big to fail" empire—from Rome to Enron—crumbles when the barbarians stop buying their lies.

We are the barbarians.
We carry the match.

How many of you have buried a loved one because of a lack of health insurance?
How many of you have held a child's hand as they asked, "Why can't we afford the doctor?"
How many of you have ground your teeth to dust working a job that killed your soul, only to watch CEOs pocket your labor like Roman emperors tossing Christians to lions?

This is not life—it is slow-motion murder.

And every corpse left in its wake—every overdose, every suicide, every cancer left untreated—is a receipt signed by the elites who rule us. A receipt that reads:
“Paid in full with your suffering.”

They want us to believe this is inevitable. Eternal. Divine.
They want us to kneel at the altar of their greed and pray for crumbs.
They want us to think our rage is a sin, not a sacrament.

But I say this:
A revolution begins when we stop burying our dead and start burying their lies.
When we turn our funerals into fuel.
When we wield our grief not as a cudgel against ourselves, but as a torch to burn their empire of decay.

The plague ends here.
The chains break here.
The second American Revolution does not ask for your hope—it demands your rage.
And from that rage, we will forge a world where no parent buries a child for want of insulin.
No worker dies of despair.
No human is a cost-benefit analysis.

The Second American Revolution will not be tweeted. It will not be hashtagged, hyperlinked, or livestreamed. It will be whispered over burnt coffee in union halls. Debated in church basements reeking of mildew and hope. Forged in break rooms where overtime slips pile up like unpaid tombstones. This is a revolution of calloused hands, not trending topics.

Forget “left” and “right.”

The construction worker who prays with a shotgun in his truck and the barista with blue hair and pronouns on her nametag share more than they know: stolen wages, stolen futures, stolen dignity. The trucker grinding 16-hour shifts and the remote worker drowning in Zoom calls are both prey to the same algorithmic wolves. Our differences are scars, not walls—proof we’ve survived their games.

This revolution demands two things:

That you see the cashier as kin.

That you fight like hell to free them.

The work is ugly. It’s sitting through town halls where your uncle rants about “socialism” while his pension gets vaporized. It’s biting your tongue when your coworker blames immigrants for CEO greed. It’s stitching solidarity from the frayed scraps they’ve left us.

But here's the secret they fear:
We don't need their permission to rebel.
We don't need their apps to organize.
We don't need their money to matter.

Plant the flag of revolution where you stand:

At work: Slow walks, sickouts, whispering "Unionize" to the mother of three terrified of losing healthcare.

At home: Turn Thanksgiving into a strategy session. Trade casseroles for conspiracy—the kind that topples kings.

In the streets: Paint demands on cardboard. Sing hymns louder than SWAT sirens. Turn parking lots into people's assemblies.

The Founding Fathers had muskets. We have multipliers—every conversation, every shared meal, every risk taken for a stranger.

They think we're atoms, isolated and inert.
We are uranium.
Chain reaction begins now.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR REVOLUTION

1. **DO NOT OBEY**
   Disobey every order, law, or demand that serves the oligarchs, not the people. Refuse permits, fines, and petty tyrannies. When they demand compliance, answer with collective defiance. Authority is a myth—starve it.
2. **BUILD A NETWORK**
   Map every skill in your community: medics, mechanics, teachers, hackers, cooks. Revolution thrives on interdependence. A barter economy of talents is kryptonite to their cash-riddled empire.
3. **STARVE THE BEASTS**
   Boycott corporations, banks, and media that profit from your pain. Redirect every dollar to mutual aid. If they sell lies, boycott. If they exploit, bankrupt. If they hoard, burn their supply chains.
4. **OCCUPY THE RUINS**
   Seize abandoned malls, churches, and foreclosed homes. Turn parking lots into people's assemblies, strip malls into clinics, and empty warehouses into rebel libraries. Squat where they speculate.
5. **REWRITE THE SCRIPT**
   Replace flags with homemade banners dyed in solidarity. Bury the pledge; swear oaths

to neighbors. Erase their hymns—sing anthems of rent strikes and sickouts. Culture is a weapon. Wield it.

6. **ARM THE MIND**
   Print zines, host teach-ins, and flood social media with truths they censor. A worker who knows their worth is ungovernable. Educate like your life depends on it—it does.
7. **GUARD THE COMMONS**
   Protect water, land, and libraries from privateers. Form citizen brigades to block pipelines, defend parks, and hack digital enclosures. What's ours stays ours.
8. **SILENCE NO MORE**
   Document every eviction, police brutality, and backroom deal. Livestream their crimes, then project them on courthouse walls. Let their sins haunt them.
9. **STRIKE AT THE ROOT**
   Slow production. Malfunction machines. Leak secrets. Clog bureaucracies with absurd demands. A thousand papercuts bleed empires dry.
10. **ETERNAL FLAME**
    Teach children to distrust flags and question power. Pass down stories of resistance—Stonewall, Haymarket, Standing Rock. Revolution is not an event, but a lineage. Outlive them.

This moment demands more than our rage—it demands our wholeness. We are not lone wolves howling into the void, but **a pack forged in the furnace of shared ruin**. The oligarchs peddle a gospel of "every man for himself," because they know a splintered people cannot storm their gates. But hear this: The single mother rationing insulin, the veteran sleeping under an overpass, the teacher buying pencils with food stamps—they are not "strangers." **They are your army.**

For centuries, they've dangled the American Dream like a carrot on a bloodstained stick. "Work harder," they croon, as they pocket your overtime. "Pull yourself up," they smirk, as they auction your future to hedge funds. They sell individualism like opiates—to numb you, to blind you, to keep you from seeing the chains that bind us all.

Wake.
The "Dream" is a coma.
The "self-made man" is a corpse propped up by stolen labor.
The "rugged individual" is a lie told by men who've never swung a hammer or buried a child.

We will not be seduced by their lullabies of lack. We will not mistake survival for living. We rise now—not as martyrs, but as midwives to a nation waiting to be born.

This revolution is not a choice. It is a debt—owed to the Indigenous grandmothers whose land was plundered, to the Black sharecroppers whose sweat built empires, to the miners coughing up their lungs for pennies. We fight because they could not. We win because they dreamed.

The time for solitary struggle is over.

When they evict your neighbor, you are the barricade.
When they silence the weak, you are the amplifier.
When they demand obedience, you are the NO that echoes across generations.

They think we're too tired, too poor, too divided.
Let them think it.
While they count their gold, we count our kin.
While they build higher walls, we dig deeper roots.
While they whisper "Never," we roar "Now."

The American Nightmare ends when we open our eyes—and find each other in the dark.
The dawn is ours to seize.

I offer you revolution—not as a spark, but as a forge. Hope is not a fragile trinket to clutch in the dark; it is a blade hammered in the fires of collective defiance. They want us to beg for hope like orphans at a miser's gate. We will take it—by seizing factories, by burning debts, by turning their gilded temples into shelters for the sick.

Yes, let us speak of hope—but not the saccharine lies sold by politicians and self-help hucksters. True hope is a crime in the eyes of kings. It is the refugee stitching a flag from scraps. The teacher smuggling banned books in her lunchbox. The teenager chaining himself to a drill rig, screaming, "You will not kill us quietly!"

My children will not inherit a "prosperity" built on mass graves. They will inherit a covenant, etched in the marrow of this truth:
We are each other's infrastructure.
Not the banks. Not the algorithms. Not the hollow men in suits. The nurse who holds your father's hand as he dies. The stranger who shares her last loaf during a blackout. The neighbor who shields you from ICE. This is the only prosperity that endures.

They've spent centuries teaching us to worship the "self" because they know a fractured people will never unite. But here's the secret they buried:
Alone, we are whispers. Together, we are earthquakes.
Alone, we are prey. Together, we are wolves.

Let us be done with the cult of "rugged individualism"—a fairy tale for suckers and sociopaths. Let us build a cult of rugged interdependence, where we measure wealth in shared barns, not private jets. Where we hoard nothing but loyalty. Where we answer eviction notices with human barricades and stock buybacks with general strikes.

Life has taught me this:
The oligarchs will never love you.
The algorithms will never save you.
The politicians will never free you.

But the woman beside you on the picket line? The man who shares his water when the pipes are poisoned? The child who learns your name and brings you wildflowers?
They are your nation.
They are your creed.
They are the only gods worth kneeling to.

The revolution is not a distant dawn. It is the fire we keep alive—in soup kitchens, in encrypted chats, in bedtime stories told to children who will finish what we start. Guard it. Feed it. Let it scorch every chain.

Architects, Not Arsonists: Blueprints for the Rugged Interdependent

We've burned their lies. Now we build our truth. Below are the pillars of a nation where 'we' is the only currency that matters.

I. Constitutional Rebirth: Rights Reforged

"Speech Without Chains, Arms Without Tyranny"
Free speech shall be sacred, but never weaponized. We adopt Norway's model of **citizen-led truth commissions**, where teachers, nurses, and mechanics—not politicians—audit disinformation networks. Social media giants will answer to the people, not shareholders. Benefits? A public square where facts drown out lies, and oligarchs can't silence dissent.

Firearm rights demand responsibility. Switzerland's **militia system** proves it: mandatory training, community armories, and liability for negligence. Imagine a nation where every gun owner is a trained guardian, not a lone wolf. Benefits? Fewer mass shootings, fewer suicides, and neighborhoods that protect themselves—without fear.

II. Democratic Reckoning: Breaking the Duopoly

"Ranked Choice Voting: Alaska's Gift to the Republic"
In Alaska, ranked choice voting birthed bipartisan coalitions and record turnout. We'll expand it nationally, ending gerrymandered districts drawn by algorithms and lobbyists. Benefits? A Congress where farmers and nurses outnumber lawyers, and "lesser evil" politics dies screaming.

"Term Limits & Citizen Legislators"
Ancient Athens trusted shoemakers and sailors to govern. We'll revive this with **sortition**: 50% of Congress chosen by lottery, like jury duty. Serve once, serve humbly, serve the people—not donors. Benefits? A government that looks like America, not a country club.

III. Civic Armature: Service as Sovereignty

"Universal National Service: Sweden's Spine, South Korea's Resolve"
Two years post-high school, every American joins the **Civilian Corps** (rebuilding infrastructure), **Green Guard** (planting forests), or **Peacekeeping Brigades** (disaster relief). Like Sweden's conscription, service teaches skills, not slaughter. Benefits? Free college, healthcare, and land grants—paid for by closing tax loopholes.

"Curriculum of Citizenship: Finland's Wisdom"
Schools will ditch standardized tests for critical thinking, labor history, and trades. Finland's model—where students master empathy and carpentry—proves educated citizens can't be ruled by fools. Benefits? A generation that fixes engines, files taxes, and spots oligarchic lies.

IV. Sovereignty & Security: Defense Reborn

"Close Foreign Bases, Open Workshops"
Post-WWII, the GI Bill turned soldiers into engineers. We'll repurpose 50% of Pentagon funds into a **Homestead Corps**, rebuilding Appalachia and the Rust Belt. Benefits? Jobs, clean energy, and a military that defends homes—not oil barons.

"Global Coalitions: Climate Over Coups"
Partner with China and India on fusion tech, not trade wars. Modeled on the Marshall Plan, a **Climate Solidarity Pact** will forgive developing-world debt in exchange for rainforest protections. Benefits? Clean air, new industries, and a world that sees America as a partner, not a predator.

V. Economic Reclamation: From Oligarchy to Solidarity

"Worker Cooperatives: Spain's 70-Year Miracle"
Spain's Mondragon Corporation—a network of worker-owned co-ops—outlived dictators and recessions. We'll mandate employee ownership for all large firms. Benefits? No more layoffs for profit, no more CEOs earning 500x their workers.

"Debt Jubilee: Ancient Justice, Modern Lifeline"
The Babylonians erased debts to prevent collapse. We'll cancel medical and student debt, seizing vacant homes for veterans and refugees. Benefits? A middle class that breathes, spends, and dreams again.

VI. Justice & Equity: The New Social Contract

"Restorative Justice: Norway's Mercy, Camden's Grit"
Norway's prisons—focused on rehabilitation—have the world's lowest recidivism. Camden, NJ, halved crime by replacing cops with community guardians. We'll expand both: neighborhood councils resolve disputes, unarmed responders handle mental health crises. Benefits? Fewer prisons, safer streets, healed communities.

"Equity Audits: Canada's Mirror"
Every law must pass a "Justice Impact Review," like Canada's gender audits. Does it deepen racial divides? Trap the poor? Rewrite it. Benefits? Policies that lift the vulnerable, not the connected.

VII. Global Citizenry: Diplomacy Over Dominance

"Asylum as Honor: Canada's Compassion"
Canada's private refugee sponsorships saved thousands. We'll replace ICE cages with community networks. Migrants build roads, gain citizenship in 3 years. Benefits? A nation enriched by grit, not shamed by barbed wire.

The America we inherited is a ghost. Our parents' nation—the one that built highways to horizons and factories that fed the world—has been hollowed out by vultures in pinstripes. They sold our workshops to warlords, our patents to plutocrats, and our dignity to the highest bidder. Now, we're left choking on the ashes of a service economy, where "innovation" means inventing new ways to rent what our grandparents owned. Let me be clear: A country that does not make, does not matter. But from these ashes, we will rise—not as masters, but as equals in a world that's moved beyond empires.

I. The Death of Hegemony, The Birth of Partnership

They told us "global leadership" meant bombing deserts and bailing out banks. But true leadership is building, not burning.

- Precedent: Germany's *Mittelstand*—small, family-owned manufacturers that power 54% of its GDP. No oligarchs, no offshoring, just precision and pride.
- Blueprint: Resurrect the American workshop. Tax incentives for domestic micro-factories (10–50 workers). Ban stock buybacks unless companies reinvest 50% in U.S. plants.
- Benefit: Towns reborn. A steelworker in Ohio earns $75k again. A child knows her future won't hinge on gig apps.

II. Automate—But Democratize

Robots aren't the enemy. Surrendering them to oligarchs is.

- Precedent: Norway's sovereign wealth fund. Every oil dollar automates jobs, but profits fund free education and healthcare.
- Blueprint: Nationalize AI patents developed with public funds. License them to worker co-ops. A 10% "automation dividend" paid to every citizen.
- Benefit: A factory robot builds solar panels, not yachts. A cashier retrains as a green engineer. Your UBI check is stamped "Made by Us."

III. From Servants to Sovereigns

A “service economy” is a lie. Servants kneel. Citizens build.

- Precedent: Taiwan’s semiconductor dominance—built by public investment, not private greed.
- Blueprint: A Civic Construction Corps to rebuild bridges, railroads, and grids. Pay? Union wages. Funding? Slash Pentagon bloat. Workers? Veterans, ex-cons, anyone who’s ever been called “unskilled.”
- Benefit: A nurse’s daughter lays fiber-optic cable in Montana. A felon welds wind turbines in Texas. Dignity restored.

IV. Global Peers, Not Petty Kings

China builds railroads in Africa. We build prisons. This ends now.

- Precedent: Post-WWII Marshall Plan. We rebuilt Europe, birthed allies, and yes—profited. But with honor.
- Blueprint: A Climate Marshall Plan. Partner with India on solar, Brazil on rainforests, Nigeria on grids. Trade deals require union wages abroad and at home.
- Benefit: Detroit exports wind turbines to Nairobi. Iowa farmers sell biofuel to Berlin. America leads—not with drones, but with drills and diplomas.

V. The Covenant

This is not nostalgia. It’s survival.
They took our steel mills and gave us Uber. Took our pensions and gave us Bitcoin. Took our pride and gave us hashtags. No more.

We will be the nation that makes again. Not just goods, but meaning. Not just wealth, but legacy. Arc welders and algorithms. Community colleges and quantum labs. Union halls and vertical farms.

You were born to build, not beg.
You were born to rise, not rent.
You were born to outlast every empire.

The tools are in your hands.
The world is waiting.